

memory of their days together, and of the  
 lonely little  
 house on the isle of Herm, by Guernsey, that  
 they had  
 seen from their ship sailing to St. Malo; as  
 Dorothy was  
 to remind him years afterwards in one of her  
 most charm-  
 ing passages: 'Do you remember Arme and the  
 little house  
 there? Shall we go thither? That's next to  
 being out of  
 the world. There we might live like Baucis and  
 Philemon,  
 grow old together in our little cottage, and for  
 our charity  
 to some ship-wrecked strangers obtain the  
 blessing of  
 dying both at the same time. How idly I talk;  
 'tis because  
 the story pleases me—none in Ovid so much. I  
 remember  
 I cried when I read it. Methought they were  
 the perfectest  
 characters of a contented marriage, where  
 piety and love  
 were all their wealth, .and in their poverty  
 feasted the  
 gods when rich men shut them out. I am  
 called away-  
 farewell/

What happened in the next few years  
 remains obscure.  
 At some point the lovers came to regard  
 themselves as  
 plighted; though Temple laughingly wagered  
 ten pounds  
 against Dorothy's constancy, to be paid him  
 on the day  
 she married some one else. He stayed in  
 France two years  
 (1648-50), saw Dorothy again in London,  
 was sent  
 abroad by his anxious father to the Low  
 Countries for  
 another fifteen months (1651-2). Meanwhile,  
 since 1649,  
 she had been living mainly at home, in a  
 quiet broken  
 only by the indefatigable efforts of her

brother Henry to  
get her married. Perhaps she had faded in  
Temple's  
memory. After a letter from Breda in March  
1652, there  
followed a silence of nine months; but at last,  
as the year  
drew to its close, word came to Chicksands  
announcing  
the wanderer's return to England. On  
Christmas Eve  
Dorothy sat down and wrote in answer the  
first letter we  
still possess, beginning: 'Sir,—You may please  
to let my  
old servant (*i.e.* lover), as you call him,  
know that I